# Tears or Tiers?

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/8203000.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rating: | Teen And Up Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | Graphic Depictions Of Violence |
| Categories: | F/M, M/M |
| Fandom: | Hannibal (TV) |
| Relationships: | Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Jack Crawford |
| Characters: | Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford, Randall Tier |
| Additional Tags: | Someone Help Will Graham, Poor Will Graham, Autistic Will Graham, but that's minor, Crying, Men Crying, Mental Instability, Angst, Minor Character Death, Murder, Murder Husbands, Manipulative Hannibal, Jack Crawford is a good guy, really - Freeform, Smol Will Graham, smol, Stimming, Canon Autistic Character |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 1 of Seizures |
| Stats: | Published: 2016-10-04 Words: 834 Chapters: 1/1 |

# Tears or Tiers?

by Doteruna

Summary

Will can't keep all his emotions inside after he kills Randall Tier and leaves his body displayed in the museum. Jack is the only person he can go to.
I love crying Will with no shame

Notes

I'm a sucker for all the schmoopy stuff that Will does but I'm also a sucker for angst *shrugs* here ya go

There's a knock on the glass door of his office, and Jack glances up to see Will Graham standing on the other side, knuckles still pressed to the clear surface hard enough to make his skin white. Jack nods, and Will's hand drops to the handle, pushing the door open and shuffling inside. He's wearing the same worn, dark jeans and scuffed jacket as yesterday, Jack notices, and he sets his pen down. There's a small cut on Will's eyebrow that's been cleaned, but not bandaged.

"What happened, Will?"

Will stands across from his desk, eyes cast downwards, and his hands make small movements, like he wants to stimulate his body but is holding back.

"Will, it's okay for you to stim, especially with me," Jack tells him, and Will seems to relax just a fraction. His hands clench once, then fall still.

"You are aware that I'm continuing my therapy with Hannibal," he begins. Jack nods again. "You are aware of my motive. I..." He falters, so Jack stands up and comes around his desk so that he can lean against the front and face Will with nothing in between them but a plastic chair. "I'm waiting for him to slip. Or for a chance to make him slip."

"I know that you're essentially an undercover agent at the moment. I'm the one that pushed you to do this. Has Hannibal found out?"

"No, no," Will is quick to reassure him. Then he hesitates, and his hand starts to twitch again. "Just...just the opposite, actually." Jack frowns, crossing his arms.

"Will, tell me what happened."

"Last night, the--uh, the animal man, Randall Tier, followed me home. He attacked me." Will's hand absently comes up to poke at the irritated skin around the cut on his brow. "I killed him."

Jack stays silent. Only listening.

"I took the body to Hannibal's. I know that he was the one who told Randall to go after me. But Hannibal--he--"

Will chokes up, throat closing, and Jack is surprised to see a shine in his eyes when he nervously glances up.

"He made me decorate the body. Turn it into a piece of art. Mutilate it. Display it." Will tugged at the hems of his jacket where the wool of his sweater peeked through, the soft material already unraveling a bit. "There was so much blood, and I've killed but never like this, and Hannibal just kept telling me that it was right, it was just, that I had to do it--"

He cuts off again but this time it's with a sob that wrenches itself free from his throat, one hand slapping his mouth as soon as it's free to stifle the rest. He hunches over as if to hide himself, hide the fact that he's breaking apart in Jack's office, in front of Jack, and tears

stream down his fingers into the exposed sweater. Jack's eyes are wide, but he moves forward to clap a hand on Will's shoulder; the smaller man immediately turns into him, burying his soft curls into Jack's shoulder, one hand still trying to smother his sorrow.

Jack is again taken aback by Will's impromptu hug, but wraps his arms around him anyway. They're friends. More of friends than Jack and Hannibal will ever be, now that Jack knows the truth, and if Will needs physical comfort, Jack is more than willing to provide it. He shushes the younger man quietly, guiding him down into the plastic chair and kneeling in front of him, yanking his handkerchief from his breast pocket and wiping at Will's cheeks. Will's eyes are bright and shiny with moisture, his face blotchy and wet. He looks so, so traumatized, and Jack can only whisper soft words and offer his shoulder to lean on as his friends breaks apart in front of him.

Will had cried himself to sleep like a child.

Jack had let him with no judgment, just called Alana and asked her to bring a pillow and blanket to his office, where Will was slumped in Jack's padded leather chair. Jack had wiped all evidence of his outburst from his face, but his eyes would be puffy when he woke up. He looked so much smaller than usual once Alana delivered the items, dwarfed in Jack's large chair and smothered by a fuzzy blanket. Will was young, and on the smaller side, and he looked so innocent curled up like that, but Jack knew he was anything but. Will had killed last night, he had to defend himself against a serial killer and then sidle up to one, probably in bed as much as in daily life because Jack knew that Hannibal was not above manipulation through physical intimacy. Alana was proof of that. Will was sacrificing an incredible amount of his identity, privacy, and self-worth, all the catch someone he had once considered a brother.

Jack would catch--and most likely kill--Hannibal, and nothing could stand in his way.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!